



MISHA



CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

3/1988

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish



Finish colouring
the picture.

Find the part of the picture that doesn't fit.



Each pair of numbers decreases by...?
Once you have the answer, fill in the squares.



If Katia is playing hopscotch,
Petia is chewing, Tolik
is playing with
boats and Tania
is jumping rope,
where are
Misha and
Masha?

Did you like the puzzles
Olga Dunaeva thought up and
drew? Try to think up
your own puzzles and
send them to MISHA.

HOW? WHY? WHAT?

THE FROZEN CONTINENT

Once I had the opportunity to work in Antarctica. The research vessel "Mikhail Somov" brought people and supplies to Soviet Polar stations. As soon as we started to unload the helicopter from the ship, we looked up and saw a penguin. It walked in circles around us, curious to see what was going on. It seemed like it wanted to help, and it made sounds like it was giving advice. What could we do? We finally had to "hire" the penguin. In general, penguins are very curious: the whole flock will sometimes come out to meet a ship.

Antarctic explorers are fond of penguins and try not to hurt them. After all, there aren't many inhabitants on the frozen continent. Two or three kinds of birds live along the ocean coast, and whales and seals swim in the waters of the Antarctic. But if you travel inland from the coast, you won't see anything but wingless flies and ticks. When my friends and I flew by helicopter to the Russkaya Polar Station, all we saw was moss growing on rocks. And it was black and coarse as wire. Small wonder! It is extremely cold in the Antarctic. In 1983 the temperature was registered at 89.2 degrees Celsius below zero. And the fierce wind makes it seem even colder.

Antarctica is almost entirely covered with ice that has an average thickness of 2,000 metres. Approximately four-fifths of all the world's fresh water is frozen in the Antarctic. As a matter of fact, this continent is unique in many ways. First of all, it has a higher elevation than any other continent. Second, it receives the greatest solar radiation. Third, the Pole of the Wind is located here. But most important, the South geographical and South magnetic poles are found on Antarctica. Explorers

have tried to reach the poles for many years. In 1820 Faddei Bellinshausen and Mikhail Lazarev, both Russian navigators, sailed to the unknown continent. But it was not until many decades later that people were able to explore the interior. The first to reach the South Pole was a Norwegian, Roald Amundsen, in 1911. Soon afterwards the Englishman Robert Scott arrived.

It takes a lot of courage to live and work in this severe climate. Scientists from more than 20 coun-

tries conduct research in Antarctica, so it is an international continent. Around 40 Polar stations are located there, seven of which are Soviet.

The frozen continent helps scientists to answer a number of questions: What were the natural conditions of earth during the Ice Age? How does the movement of Antarctic glaciers influence the climate on our planet? Scientists are looking for valuable minerals on the continent and doing research in its most remote areas to learn how the human organism reacts to unusual conditions.

VALERY TKALICH
Drawing by ANATOLY DUBOVIK

TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL



A weather station in the French city of Le Portel has a frog working for it. It informs the scientists of a change in the weather much earlier than the most sophisticated equipment.



A hospital for house plants has been opened in Frankfurt on the Main, West Germany. Botanists revive the sick plants and then return them to their owners.

The oldest language in the world was that spoken by elephant herders. Scientists believe that people spoke it thousands of years ago when they first started to tame wild animals.



A pig named Ralph works in an American water exhibit. Ralph jumps into the water from a diving board and swims.



VLADIMIR VOLKOV

GREY



My father brought me a small rabbit he had found in the field. I named him Grey.

At first I would feed him by sticking my finger in some milk and letting him suck it. Soon he was able to follow our kitten's example and lap milk from a saucer. Grey and the kitten became good friends. They would begin to play as soon as they woke up. Grey would always run away, and the kitten would chase him.

When I sat down to do my lessons, Grey and the kitten would climb up on the old leather couch and bask quietly in the sun. They seemed to understand that I was doing something important and shouldn't be disturbed.

Sometimes I heard a slight commotion behind me. Grey would still be asleep, but when he no longer felt the sun, he rolled over on the couch until he was once again in the warmth. Then the kitten began to move. Keeping its eyes closed, it crawled towards the rabbit until it felt his warm, soft belly, and then lay still. This would happen about three times, until the friends wound up next to the arm rest and they couldn't move any further. That was my signal that it was time to go to school.

By November Grey had grown into a kind, fat rabbit. Everything would have been just fine if only he hadn't started drumming. He drummed his heart out on everything. And what was worse, it didn't matter to him if it were day or night. One night he found a bucket. Can you imagine the noise? My father said, "That's it. He's going to the entrance-way." And Grey started to drum on the door—all night long. The rabbit drummed from the outside, and the kitten miaowed and scratched on the inside. The kitten had grown considerably, too, and obviously felt sorry for its friend.

We held a family meeting and decided to set the rabbit free.

Father placed Grey in a basket, and we walked to the field where he had found him. "It will be better for him outside," my father said, trying to comfort me.

Grey didn't leave us right away. Three

times he left, and three times he came back. But each time he went a little further.

I was sure I'd never see my Grey again. But I was wrong.

One sunny Sunday in winter, Mama had baked some cabbage pies and we sat around the samovar eating them. Suddenly we heard barking. At first it sounded far away, muffled by the forest. Then it grew loud and distinct. "That's got to be Dunai," Father said as he sipped his tea from his saucer.

Everyone knew Dunai and his master, Piotr, a hunter from the far-away village of Luzhki. Grandfather Piotr could ski so well that he once put a vacationing student to shame. They had argued about who could ski ten kilometres faster. When the student arrived, Grandfather Piotr was already eating cabbage soup. But that's another story....

Dunai was already racing around the village to the sound of the dogs barking. Then, suddenly, there was a pounding at the door. I was the first to guess who it was. I ran out to the entrance-way, and, sure enough, it was Grey. Before I had time to blink my eyes, he rushed inside the house. I ran after him, and found him already sitting on the couch, darting his eyes back and forth in fright. Father and Mother were standing in front of him, motionless. My mother still had her cup in her hand, and my father held his cabbage pie.

I grabbed Grey and began to shake and hug him. Then Vaska the Cat appeared. At first he bristled his fur and hissed, probably because Grey smelled like the unknown forest. But then he, too, jumped up on the couch.

A few minutes later we heard Grandfather Piotr trying to calm down his dog Dunai, who had started barking in front of our house. Father and I went outside.

"Excuse me for bothering you," said Grandfather Piotr, holding Dunai with one hand and wiping the sweat from his face with the other. "You'll never believe what just happened. I came upon a rabbit in the ravine, and, that rascal, instead of circling around like he's supposed to, headed for your village. Did you see him run by?"

"We saw him," said my father with a big

smile. "I came outside and saw a rabbit running by. He stopped and asked: 'Uncle, could you give me something to drink?' Grandfather Piotr has worn me out. He's been chasing me since this morning."

"I told the rabbit to come on in because we just happened to be drinking our tea. And you, Piotr, could use something to drink yourself."

Grandfather Piotr smiled: my father might not be a hunter, but he sure knew how to tell a whopper. He tied Dunai to the gate and we went inside. Grandfather Piotr was the first to enter. When he saw Grey sitting on the couch he dropped his rifle. He would have fallen down himself if my father hadn't caught him.

"My, you certainly are tired," Father said, and sat the old man down on a chair directly opposite Grey. Grandfather Piotr sat with his mouth open, staring at the rabbit. It wasn't so much seeing the rabbit in our house that amazed him as seeing how the rabbit behaved: Grey was lying on the couch next to the cat and not paying any attention at all to the hunter.

"How can it be?" the old man finally managed to ask.

"How can what be?" my father asked.

"That," Grandfather Piotr nodded in Grey's direction.

"It's very simple," Father explained in all seriousness. "We're always glad to have company. We bring a guest in from the cold and feed him. You see how lucky it worked out with the pies? They're stuffed with cabbage! Just the thing."

Grandfather Piotr felt better after we told him about Grey.

"Well, I'll be!" he exclaimed. "Does that mean I can pet him just like Vovka here?"

"Petting isn't like shooting," Father teased, "it's altogether different."

Grandfather Piotr stood up, cautiously approached Grey, and began to pet him.

"When I was chasing him in the forest I never thought I'd end up sitting at a table with him and stroking his back. No one will ever believe it."

When they would ask Grandfather Piotr why he stopped hunting rabbits, he told the story about Grey. "What if I run into him again?" The people would laugh: hunters are sure good at telling whoppers.



Drawing by DMITRY BARABASH

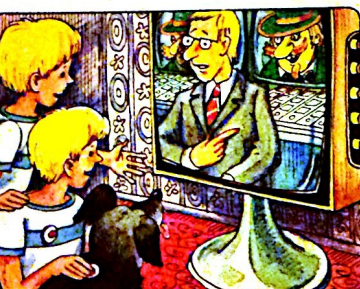
REDI THE FRIEND DIFFICULT TO CATCH

Based on a story
by YEVGENI VELTISTOV
Illustrated
by VALENTIN ROZANTSEV

Misha's readers liked the unusual story about Serezha, the Moscow schoolboy and his double, Elektronik the Robot. Here is another of their adventures.

Elektronik spent the summer making something in the school lab. When Serezha returned from his vacation, Elektronik showed him his new inven-

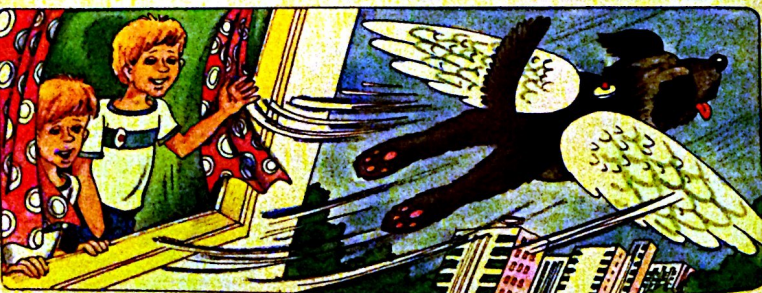
tion—a black, shaggy terrier. "His name is Redi—which stands for Rare Electronic Dog. Not only can Redi run like other dogs, he can swim and fly."



Serezha turned on the television. The announcer was reporting on the evil doings of Professor Krug, who had decided to turn an uninhabited island into a special kind of zoo: instead of animals, robots

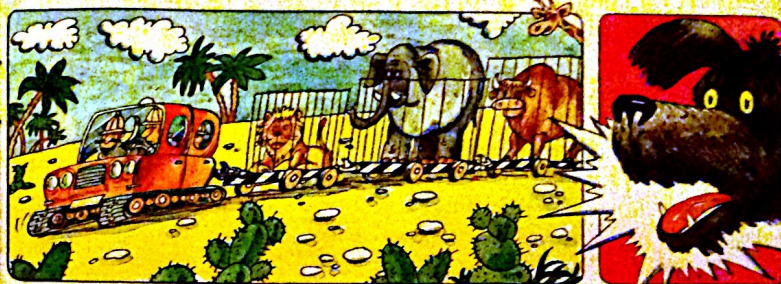


would be kept in cages. Krug had hired some bandits and ordered them to catch rare animals and birds for his experiments.



"We sure need Redi for this," said Serezha. "He'll find the bandits and help free the animals." Elektronik signalled Redi. "Did you understand?" he

asked. Two wings came out of Redi's back. The next instant, the electronic dog had flown out of sight.



A few hours later Redi was already over Africa, across the desert. Inside the cages were elephants, A convoy of land rovers was slowly making its way rhinoceroses, lions, giraffes, ostriches...



Redi glided down and gave a cry of alarm that was immediately understood by all the animals. They all seemed to go mad, and the elephants and rhinoceroses broke open the cages. The prisoners scattered in all directions.



"Get him!" the poachers cried when they saw Redi. They went after him in their land rover, firing their



rifles from the windows. But Redi brought out his wings and flew home.

To be continued

Some young nature lovers came to the zoo to see the birds. Hey, what happened here? Some prankster had come during the night and mixed up all the signs identifying and describing the birds. But

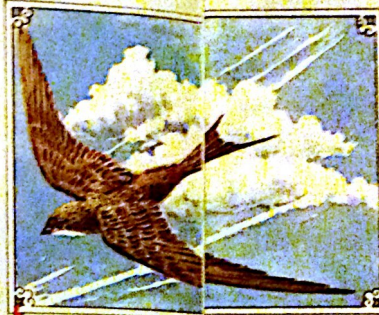
these youngsters knew all about birds. Soon the signs were where they belonged. What about you? Do you know which description fits which kind of bird?

A MIX-UP AT THE ZOO

SARAYA NOVIN
Illustrated
by IGOR GONDHARUK



This bird is sometimes called the "forest doctor". It stays in its part of the forest even in the winter when the other birds fly to warmer regions. Using its beak like a hammer drill, it pecks at trees. Then it sticks out its long—10 centimetres!—tongue and eats harmful beetles. These birds "talk" to each other by pecking at tree trunks.



No other bird flies better than this one. It can fly faster than 160 kilometres per hour and at the same time catch midges, drink, bathe and even sleep. But on the ground, it is rather helpless: it crawls rather than walks. It makes its nest by adding a little grass to its saliva.



Cormorant

Hobby

Martlet

Chomga

Woodpecker

Bustard

This bird has a floating nest. Here the female lays her white eggs. As she sits on them, they turn brown. The hatchlings crawl under their mother's wings, where they remain even while she swims and dives. This bird can stay under water for three minutes.



Here is a typical bird of prey. Its beak and claws are especially designed for catching small animals, and it can swoop down after a mouse or mole at a speed of up to 300 kilometres per hour. It has a highly developed sense of hearing and fantastic eyesight. It can spot a dragon-fly at two hundred metres, a lark a kilometre away. Even today hunters use the larger relatives of this bird to help them.

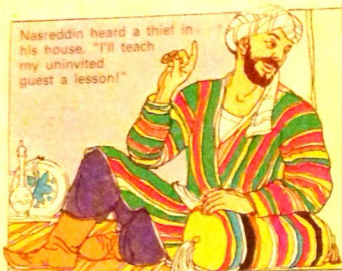
Weighing 16 kilograms and sometimes even more, this is probably the largest bird in Europe. She lives in the steppes and forest-steppes and is a great runner. She is very cautious and keeps her enemies far away. A few "guards" protect the peace of the flock as they sleep.



This bird lives near water—on the banks of large rivers, lakes and the sea. It is a real glutton, eating one and a half kilograms of fish each day. It can dive into the water after a catch and swim so fast that even some boats can't keep up. To make diving easier, this bird swallows stones, and it drinks awful-tasting sea water.

THE ADVENTURES OF NASREDDIN

Based on Eastern folk tales and anecdotes about Nasreddin the Wise.
Illustrated by SERGEI KRAVCHENKO



Nasreddin heard a thief in his house. "I'll teach my uninvited guest a lesson!"



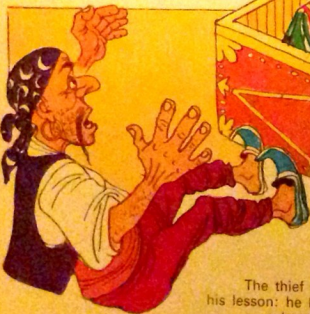
"This is where the valuables are hidden," thought the thief as he dragged the trunk into the street.



He was happy that the trunk was so heavy: "There must be a lot of riches." The thief halted in a secluded spot and opened the lid. There was Nasreddin!



The thief was frightened, but Nasreddin just laughed: "The only thing of value in my house is me. That's why I hide myself so well."



The thief learned his lesson: he became a bandit. One day he met Nasreddin on a deserted road. "He won't fool me this time," the bandit thought.



He climbed down from his horse and drew his sword. But Nasreddin had not been idle: unknown to the bandit he had picked up a stone and wrapped a scarf around it. "Your money!" the bandit commanded. "Take it," said Nasreddin. "But it's so hard for me to part with it. I just can't put it in your hands."



"I'll tell you what. I'll throw it and then walk away so I won't see you take my wealth."



Nasreddin threw the scarf-covered stone as far as he could. The bandit greedily ran to get it. Nasreddin, in the meantime, jumped on his horse and sped away.

To be continued



VASKA AND THE CROCODILE

A story told by clown YURI KUKLACHEV

I was on a ship with my four-legged performers — cats and dogs. We were going on a tour and would meet boys and girls from different countries. After a few days of sailing, my cats got sick. They stopped eating and sat with their fur ruffled and sad, squinting eyes. It wasn't that the ship itself was metal. The cats couldn't get used to it.

We were in the open sea and had to think of something to help the cats right away. Then the sailors, working under the boatswain, built a small wooden hut with little windows, a door, roof and a chimney. They even carved the ridge of the roof. The cat hut was beautiful, and most important, it was wooden. Here the cats would be isolated from the metal ship.

The cats moved into their new home and felt much better. Except for one.

"I'm not going to live in your hut," miaowed Vaska, a large, furry, smokey-coloured cat. He arched his back and tried to get outside. Then, one day, he disappeared.

I immediately began to look for him. Everyone helped—the sailors off duty and my fellow circus performers. We worked out a plan: my group would search the hold and then gradually work its way higher. The second group led by the boatswain would look on the upper deck and work its way downwards. It took us half the day to search the entire ship. When the two groups met, every-

one looked sad. Vaska was not on the deck, not in the hold, not in the cabins, not under the tables and not under the beds. We thought he had jumped overboard. How could a cat know that there was water all around? Everyone felt sorry for Vaska. I didn't know what to do.

Vaska was missed most of all by the dog known as Crocodile, who came by his name because of his bad habit of messing up a room. Crocodile was running around the hold yelping. I had sat on my trunk filled with costumes and watched him. The dog was running in circles, as if he was following a scent. He came up to me, sat on his hind legs and began to bark. His eyes looked as if they were trying to tell me something. I picked him up, but he broke away and started sniffing and scratching the trunk.

I opened the lid of the trunk, and Crocodile jumped inside. He was growling and wagging his tail: he was both angry and happy at the same time. Then I heard a cat miaow. Unbelievable! Vaska was found. He had spent the night in the trunk with the costumes. How did that rascal get in there? I wanted to scold him, but didn't. For finding his friend safe and sound, Crocodile received a piece of candy.

Recorded by NATALIA VLADIMIROVA
Photograph by ALEXANDER BORODIN

Vadim Bekleshev went on a trip to Mongolia and brought back a lot of interesting photographs of the Gobi Desert. One of them, which is called "The Shepherds' Children", you can see on this page (top). Actually, a desert is not a totally deserted place at all. It's a land of horses, with a lot of green grass everywhere. Every kid from the age of two can ride a horse.

The other photographs were sent in by Volodia Golovin from the town of Dolgoprudny near Moscow. He called them "Remembering the Summer Past", "The Dandelion" and "Those Mosquitoes!"

Misha looks forward to more photographs from its younger and older readers.



Misha's PHOTO ALBUM



"Summer", Tania Samsonova, USSR



"Portrait", Raquel Galobart, Spain



"My Motherland", Hugo Jose Vita, Nicaragua



"Conversation in the Garden", Adriana Janitorova, Czechoslovakia

My name is Adelpa Irene Bonitaz Pérez. I just loved one of the drawings you published—it was done by a French boy. I think having kids' drawings in the magazine is a wonderful idea. I also like reading everything about your country and especially about Moscow.

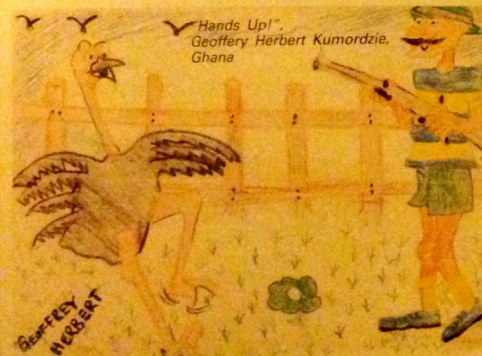
Cuba



"Indians", Isabell Kinnse, GDR



"Song", Anil K. M., India



"Hands Up!", Geoffrey Herbert Kumordzie, Ghana



"Ice Hockey", Annegret Flasche, GDR

I enjoy running and playing so much that I usually find it hard to keep still. I play basketball for my school and have recently started to learn chess. I also like reading, drawing and cutting things out. But the thing that comes first is, of course, my school.

I look forward to making real friends with Misha and becoming his regular pen-pal.

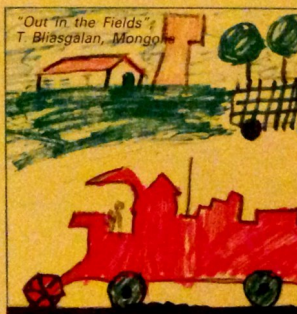
LIBARDO MARTIN LUMBI, Nicaragua



"Watch Out, Please!", Suresh A. Koriya, India



"Winter", Dimitrina Nikolova, Bulgaria



"Out In the Fields", T. Bliagalan, Mongolia

MISHA'S PICTURE GALLERY

Wicked Whirlwind is tearing along over the fields and woods. But brave lad Ivan holds on to his club and wouldn't let the Wind shake him off. Thus clinging to one another they would go round the earth and then come down on the ground to have a big fight. Ivan will win that fight, but not without his mother's help. She had taught her son to replace the magic barrels in the cellar and put the barrel with the strength-taking water in place of the barrel with the strength-giving water. When the unsuspecting Whirlwind had a drink from the wrong barrel he felt all his might slip away from him.

Warrior Wind is a hero of folk tales in almost every land. He is always mighty, but not always very good. In the old Russian tale called "The Copper, Silver and Gold Kingdom" the Whirlwind kidnapped Ivan's mother. When Ivan grew older, he found her and brought her home making the evil Wind pay a stiff price for the wrong that it had done.

Artist Olga Kondakova showed the fight between Ivan and the Whirlwind in her picture. She likes folk tales and enjoys illustrating them. And not only Russian tales either. Our regular readers must remember her illustration to "The Young Giant" by the Grimm Brothers.



MISHA'S PICTURE GALLERY

Drawing by OLGA KONDAKOVA (see p. 15)

SNOW-BOUND

ALEXEI MISHIN
Drawings by IGOR OLEINIKOV

It happened in a highland village in the Caucasus. Almost all of the residents had moved down into the valley. Only the forest ranger with his old father and his son Givi stayed on in the old village.



That winter the blizzards lashed loose for all they were worth. One day the forest ranger had to go down to the village leaving his family behind. Givi took his dog Bars for a walk to the old watch tower which housed an anthropological museum during the summer tourist season.



Why, it's a mountain antelope! What is it doing here? The antelope's darting eyes were filled with fright. Givi called out to his granddad. Bars also turned restive and whined pathetically. Suddenly everybody heard dull peals of thunder in the distance.



It was an avalanche! Givi's granddad threw the tower door open. The next moment the antelope was inside, followed by Bars. Givi couldn't understand what was going on till his granddad pushed him in, closing the door behind him. Not a moment too soon, either.



Snowdrifts had piled up against the windows and doors of the tower. It was pitch dark everywhere. "There must be a kerosene lamp and some tallow candles in the museum's collection," prompted Givi's granddad.



Part of the old ceiling had caved in and masses of snow came down into the room. "Now you can understand why the antelope had come to us, can't you?" asked the granddad. "It had sensed danger and had come for protection." "But what about dad, is he all right?" "He must be down in the valley, safe and sound by now."

To be continued



GOOD AFTERNOON!

Let's continue to play with Russian letters and words. Read this story, look at the large drawing and with the help of small drawing-pointers find the words you need. By the way, do you remember the boy, Alesha The Why Asker, from BORIS ZHITKOV's book "What I've Seen"? Today he invites us to the Siberian taiga.

THIS HAPPENED IN THE TAIGA

My granddad is a FORESTER (лесничий, li-s-ni-ch'i-y) and lives in a huge forest which is called the TAIGA (тайга, taygá). There you can meet... But let's begin from the beginning.

АБВГДЕЕЖЗИЙКЛМНОП
РСТУФХЦЧШЩЪЫЬЭЮЯ

Once my granddad and I set off to the forest to gather some berries. There was a lot of thorny blackberry bushes there. You know, BLACKBERRY (ежевика, i:zhivi:ka) is a very tasty berry, like RASPBERRY (малина, mali:na), but raspberry bushes have no spikes. Then my granddad took me on his shoulders and carried me to another place where raspberries grew. Suddenly I saw somebody behind the bushes. I thought it was a man picking berries with his hands, but watching for a while decided it was a big dog. I told my granddad about it. He looked attentively at the bushes, hurriedly took me in his arms and rushed away. He ran and ran with me for a long time, then stopped at last. I asked him: "Does a DOG (собака, sabáka) also like raspberries?" "It was not a dog," answered granddad, "it was a BEAR (медведь, mi:dv'et'i)!" That is whom we met in the taiga!

Drawing by ALEXANDER ARTEMOV



WHO TAUGHT THE REINDEER TO RUN SO FAST

A Yukagir folk-tale

Reindeer are the fastest runners in the tundra. When they gallop along, the ground rings with the sound of their hoofs like a great tambourine. Birds can't fly so long without a rest. They have to come down on the ground and catch their breath.

But the deer—well, they can run for two and even three days without stopping, proudly cutting the air with their antlers. Nobody else in the tundra can ever hope to be as fast. This is what wise old men say. They also say that the deer had not always been that fast. In fact, there was a time, many years ago, when the deer were very poor runners. They just walked about in the tundra digging the moss from under the snow and freezing to death in wintertime.

One winter, which was especially cold, the deer decided to run away from the frost. So, when it got absolutely perishing, they set off, at a brisk pace. But the frost kept right after them.

They ran and ran, but still they could feel the cold.

Actually, what they thought was a brisk pace, could hardly be called running—it was more like walking, if you like. But the deer did not know any better.

So that time they could not run away from the frost.

However, they didn't give up, and tried again the next winter, and the winter after that, and each time their running was faster and faster.

Finally, one day when the deer started running away from the frost, they suddenly felt warm. When they were running they could not feel the cold, but the moment they stopped it immediately caught up with them and attacked them with new force. This is how the frost had taught the deer to run fast.

The deer gallop across the tundra and the ground rings with the sound of their hoofs like a great tambourine.

It is telling you a tale of how the deer learnt to outrun the frost.

Retold by BORIS PRIVALOV
Drawing by VICTOR VASSILEV



THE MAGIC PESTLE

A Burmese folk-tale
Illustrated by LEVON KHACHATRIAN

Once upon a time there lived a poor young lad. His only possession was an old pestle which his grandma had left him. The lad lived by gathering firewood and selling it to village folk. Once Huge

Snake crawled up to him in the jungle. "Could I borrow your pestle, please," she hissed. "Whatever for?" "Come with me and I'll show you."

The lad followed the Snake into the jungle. Soon he saw another Snake. He was dead. "It's my husband," hissed first Snake. "Put your pestle to his nose." The moment dead Snake sniffed the

pestle he came alive. "You see, your pestle has a magic smell. Don't you ever lose it," said Snake and crawled off.

The lad made his way back to the village. Suddenly he saw dead Dog lying in the road. "I'll just see what my pestle can do about it," thought the lad and put the pestle to Dog's nose. The next moment

Dog jumped up and wagged his tail. Soon the word got round that the lad was a clever doctor who could raise the dead and always helped everybody.



The King's only daughter died and the lad was called for. When the Princess was alive again the King made the lad his son-in-law. Though the lad was a Prince now, he still helped everybody who



came to him. "If the smell can send death away, it might be just as good for old age," thought the Prince one day.



Now his wife and himself smelled the magic pestle every day. They didn't age a bit, for they had learned the secret of eternal youth. However, the Moon, who could see everything from the sky, was



eaten up with envy. Once the Prince left the pestle out in the wind to dry and told Dog that he had once brought back to life to watch it.



The Moon jumped down from the sky and snatched the pestle. Though the bright moonlight almost blinded Dog, he rushed after the thief. Since that time Dog has been chasing the Moon. Some-



times he catches up with the thief, and then there is a lunar eclipse. But the Moon is too clever for Dog, and he always breaks loose. Then the chase is on again.



Interview and photographs
by ALEXANDER BORODIN

MISHA'S GUEST

Today we publish an interview with Indian filmmaker PARVATI MENON. She is the Chief Executive Officer of the Indian Children's Film Society and has directed and produced many children's films. Last year Parvati Menon chaired the Children's Films Jury at the 15th International Moscow Film Festival.

Which films do you think parents should choose for their children to see?

I can speak from my own experience. When my girl was old enough to follow the events on the screen I started taking her to the cinema. I always try to choose the films which I would enjoy as much as a child would. The kind of films that are full of positive ideas, the right attitudes, undistorted images. They should not have too much violence or aggressiveness. Children like to think up the ends of such films in their imagination. Anyway, that's the way I felt when I was a little girl.

Do you really remember your own childhood so well?

Naturally! The people I am most indebted to in my life are my parents. Both my parents spent a lot of time with us and were very devoted to the cause of educating and bringing us up in the very best of traditions. My mother has been such a tremendous influence. She always said: "Never give up. Try and try, and do your best." And I remember how in the first ever autograph book that I got as a girl of eight or nine, my father wrote:

*"Good, better, best
Never let it rest,
Till your good is better
And your better—best."*

How did you come to make children's films?

When I went to college I sometimes went to the cinema after classes. I felt so strongly about some

films that I wrote about it to a newspaper. So at the age of sixteen I started writing for newspapers and magazines, and they published my pieces. Then I heard about the Film and Television Institute and decided to go down to see what a film institute is like. By that time I was a member of a lot of clubs and societies and had seen a number of good films. Soon I joined the institute as its first lady-student. One of the very senior professors there once said to me: "You know, nothing has been done for children so far. Would you like to do something?" So I made my first children's film—it was my diploma film and it became quite popular with all children in India and went abroad.

Do you ever discuss your films with children?

I always try to do it. I feel it is very important to know their reaction, for they're so much more sensitive and perceptive. Parvati Menon with young cinema-goers in Moscow

CHILDREN'S FUND

We are very glad to tell our small readers and their parents about a very important recent development in the Soviet Union—the setting up of the Soviet Children's Fund. Why was it set up? Like in all other countries, there are children in the Soviet Union who do not have parents. Let's help the state to bring them up and make them as happy as their luckier peers who

have their Mums and Dads." With these words the organisers of the Fund appealed to the Soviet people. Apart from this major aim, the Fund has a number of other priorities: it can play its role in physical, cultural and aesthetic education of all Soviet children and help the most gifted ones, identify and make the most of their potential. The Soviet Children's Fund will also help children from other countries, especially those who

suffered from wars, natural disasters or epidemics. The Fund has a major role to play in promoting friendship between all children on our planet.

Soviet people have already raised millions of rubles for the new Fund. They give off from their savings and monthly wages. They also help the Fund's organisers in their important work.

Misha has also been active in the Fund-raising campaign. All

its staff, together with all the writers, artists and photographers are going to give half of their pay for this very issue to the Soviet Children's Fund.

Contributions to the Fund can also be made by people from other countries to account No. 7070 at the USSR Bank for Foreign Trade.

The account number of the Soviet Children's Fund is 707 at the USSR State Bank.

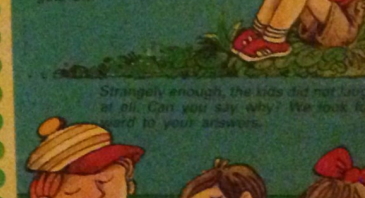
FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

Drawings
by NIKOLAI
SHCHERBAKOV

That would make some snapshots. I'm telling you. All the kids will double up laughing when they see them. This calls for a candid camera.

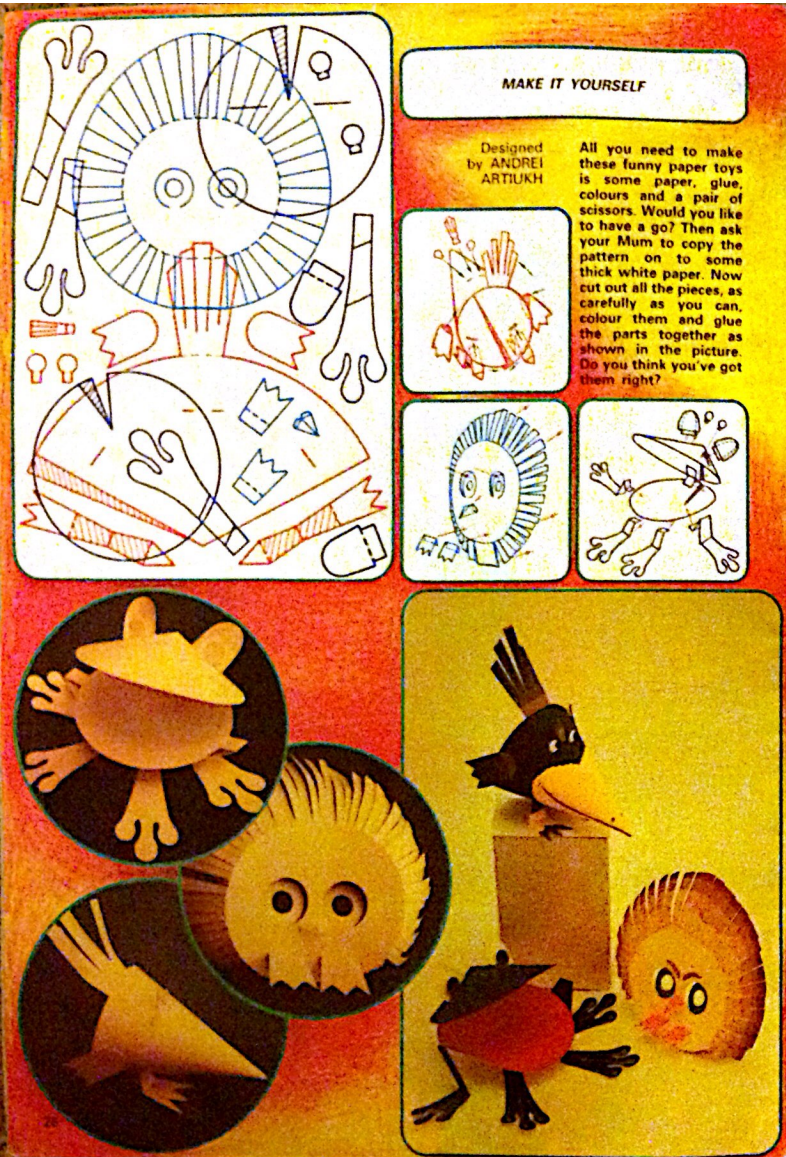


Quick, before it gets on!



Strangely enough, the kids did not laugh at all. Can you say why? We look forward to your answers.







HOW THE BIRDS SAVED KID-GOAT

By SERGEI MIKHALKOV
Drawings
by DMITRY BABICHENKO



Once little but very headstrong Kid-Goat decided to take a walk in the woods. "Don't go very far!" said his Mummy to him. "It sure looks like a storm." But the little Goat would not listen.... Suddenly all the forest was dark. There was a flash of lightning and

then a peal of thunder. Kid-Goat was so terrified that he dashed deeper into the forest, without looking where he was running. When the sky cleared he saw that he was standing on a small island surrounded by a lot of cold and scary water.



But this was his lucky day, for soon he saw a boat with their neighbour Pig inside. "Help, please," asked Kid-Goat, but Pig grunted that the boat was full as it was and sailed away. Poor little Goat was



getting a bad cold: he was already shivering with cold and sneezing rather dreadfully. "The night is coming and there is still nobody to save me..."



The Wolf family who were the worst forest villains came out on to the water's edge. They promptly caught the smell of goat hair and decided to have little Goat for breakfast the next morning. When it



was still dawn Kid-Goat heard some quacking over his head. He recognised Quacky the Wild Duck who said: "Hold on, we'll come back for you," and was off.



Soon the forest rang with the alarming news: "Kid-Goat is in trouble!" "We must build a raft and save him," everybody decided. There was not a moment to lose and they set to work at once. The beavers



were cutting down the trees, the hares were making a big sail.... Soon the raft was down and making for Kid-Goat.



Meanwhile Wolves were also making their way to the island with Kid-Goat, astride two big wooden logs. But Birds were too fast for them. They saw



the villains and swooped down on them, hitting them on the necks with their sharp beaks....



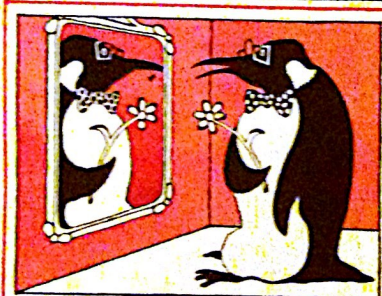
The raft was soon carrying happy Kid-Goat back to his worried Mummy. To mark her son's wonderful escape Mother-Goat had a big party. She invited everybody who had helped to save her son out of



danger. And only Pig who smelled the nice food and popped her head into the door, was sent away empty-handed. Do you think you know why?



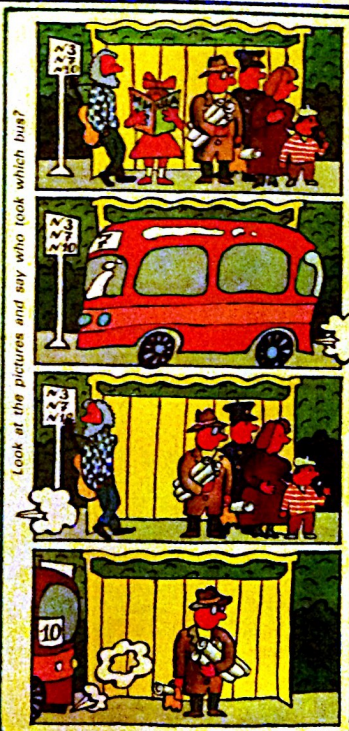
These three flying machines have five identical parts. What are they?



What a stupid mirror! It has made five mistakes in its reflection. Can you find them?



These stamps show paintings from different museums of Moscow. There is a portrait, a still-life and a landscape. What other genres of painting do you know?



Look at the pictures and say who took which bus?



Find the exact place of each of the five details. Light in the main picture.



Using colour pencils get a "clearer picture" on the big screen. Look at the smaller screens for ideas.

Drawings by VLADIMIR GUZNER

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MISHA



CHILDREN'S
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VLADIMIR DANKO

Now tell me, what is that?
Pussy looks—
And sees a cat.
Our dog called Dilly Dale
Sees a mongrel with a tail.

I come up.
What do I see?
My own head and face—
That's me.

(Mirror)

